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MUSIC : AN APOTHEOSIS :

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

Catharine A. Van Buren Adams.



NEW YORK.

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DEDICATION.



To the Great Master of Music, S. Mercadante, who belongs to the World
and to all Time.

Honored Sir and Master :

*I, a stranger, and a woman,
and utterly unknown to you or to fame, take the liberty of
dedicating to you the following little Poems, my first, and it
may be my last effusions,—in that or any other department
of literature. I am emboldened to this course because of the
high reverence and love which I have long felt for you, Sir,
as the greatest of all living Musical Composers, and the most
brilliant of all players. When I am dead and gone, your
name will be emblazoned upon the page of immortality, as the
chiefest man of your age, and worthy of the profoundest in-
tellectual homage of mankind.*

Honored Sir and Master,

I am now and ever yours,

THE AUTHOR.



MUSIC.



EHOVAH! music dwelt in Thee
Through all the past eternity,
Before the world had moved to time
Or chaos could produce a chime :
Yet reason, held in depths profound,
Embryoed every earthly sound,
'Till God this power first awoke,
As nature's rapturous spirit broke
The awful silence ages knew,
And burst forth in broad notes that drew
An everlasting song of praise,
While oceans did their choral raise
To join the tenor earth swells out
With strangely variating tones,
From the great rushing wind that moans,
Or softly moving grass and trees
When slowly stirs the evening breeze,

To cataracts of mighty roar —
Thus falling grandly evermore —
Resounding over hill and plain
While echoes far prolong forevermore the strain.
In every sound throughout the whole
There's trinity to form the soul,
Resembling all the rays of light
That made the day from out the night :
For God hath ever founded laws
To correspond from wondrous cause ;
Which, yielding strangely one effect,
Appear the same though we inspect
The governing force that underlies,
Binding by all the chainlike ties,
Dispensing order everywhere
With Heaven's universal care.

Alike reflect thus sound and light,
One thus returning rays so bright,
While bodies, having nature's power
To give again from hill and tower
The noise that can awake the plain
And add a charm by echo's strain,
Will teach the truth of all that's said,
'Till greater proofs the soul hath led
In vaster fields of hidden lore
To any traveled heretofore.

When man shall crave a higher aim
Below, than flattered earthly frame,
A purer love of science, art,
Will find a place within the heart :
This, forms a fane of holy trust
That onward works when we are dust ;
Making the grandest acts of life,
Surmounting endless worldly strife,
Amid this sphere where sin and death
But mingle doubt with every breath.

'Tis fond affection guides the way
To laurels for the mortal clay,
And only Heaven's sacred fire
Could ever lofty thoughts inspire,
Creating words that never die —
Thus linking earth by golden tie,
With realms of wisdom, wit and song,
Where genius rightly takes his throng.
While truth rekindles first his torch
That leads to understanding's porch,
Illuminating myriad cells
That otherwise resemble hells,
'Till good can generate anew,
Unloosening chains black and untrue,
As light descends with focal power
To claim for righteousness a deathless dower.

Then God doth illustrate the plan
Of joining Heaven to worthless man.
The world of matter hath a sphere
Beyond our home of beauty here,
And earth by governing laws will wed
This "summer land," the sage hath said,
Exists through past or future age,
While order writes upon the page
Or always finds her book to be,
The globe revealing harmony
So long as life inflowing gives
Impetus first to all that lives,

Then lasting bonds of diademed force :

Yet, will unite influxent love —

To nature adding still a course,

Reflecting only power above

As soul and body both agree —

Thus weaving wondrous melody.

So substance bears to spirit, too,

A correspondence grand as true :

And peasant, prince or savant old,

An age of wisdom did unfold

When men imbibed the lessons taught

That science yields for living thought.

Creation's code was often read,

While minds discover'd facts that led —

The proof of strong resemblance found

In every law—to those that bound
A vast eternity around.
Then see effects from truth's great light
And even sound, to lend insight,
To show results to be the same
By governing force of similar reign.

This rule of action seems alike,
Though here a mystery invite
The search for deeper mental gain,
I fear than man can e'er attain.
 The world's a handiwork of art,
 Perfect beyond conception's power
 To godly sons who dwell in heart,
 Amid inspired dreams that tower
Above the things of little worth,
And seek prolific heavenly birth
Where greatness, beauty can enshrine,
A casket endlessly divine.
There love angelic warmly burns,
While life, then dual, often yearns
To higher flights approaching near
The seat of glory made to rear
An altar, held inmost pure
By souls thus founded, shall endure
With chaste affection, made to soar
On pinions higher evermore,

'Till clay finited seems to break
A limited, weak human fate,
And rend the curtain half atwain
That keeps the vision dark below,
And glimpses catch, though scarcely plain,
Of systems, linking all, we know,
In lasting unity of parts.
I'd say of those in sinful marts,
Who live in gross external sense,
Or feel delight from fire intense,
Which can inflame a filthy lust —
They seem as snakes that crawl in dust.
Alas! such low, immoral state
Discolors truth oft to relate,
The falsity that still accords
With any picture vice affords.
If wisdom is obscure in minds
That only dwell in thoughts of self,
Or pleasure see in way that binds,
From raging thirst of power and pelf
Humanity beneath control.
Also, they aim to rule the whole
Of God's dominion here below,
And then to other worlds would go
To teach that slavery, a woe,
Is wealth to poverty unclad,
Though fettered life is ever sad.

If genius can perceive with strength,
Beyond the throng who fill the waste
Of matter's mighty breadth or length,
Or even those that would deface
The universe of law and art,
And strive to quench the noble heart
In all impulse that leads the true,
'Till evil shall refound anew,
Enticing porticos for hell :
Nor those who feign desire to dwell
In endless activeness of use,
Though moulded not in brain to be,
As soil that never will refuse
Abundant growth of prodigy —
Yet often hold an honored place,
Dispensing good among the race :
Such are the people made for thought,
That taste for those ideas caught,
To lose impressions grand and pure,
Their souls no harvest will insure.
With dreams seraphic, phantom-like,
That fancy clothes with rosy light,
As all they see or feel beneath
The canopy that hides the wreath,
Crowning anew with truth in bliss
Our sphere by Heaven's happiness,
Hath clad itself with sombre hues ;

And added dull content doth keep,
A vision lost in power to reap
The lessons nature will infuse
By spirit hid in outward clay,
Awakening mind through bright array
In many dyes and endless change
That matter will assume in range
Of metamorphose known to earth,
To teach how wisdom had a birth.
We learn that some an image bear,
Revealing splendors great and rare,
Displaying God's benignant gifts
Through everything that strongly lifts
 A being free from states impure,
 Who reaches far with jealous aim,
 Obtaining joys that will endure
 In sentiments that ever came,
Reflecting Deity forth in man—
To strike out holy sparks that fan
With life the soul's diviner glow,
Whose scintillations often show
The brilliancy of native worth.
 Yet spirit fertile, rich with thought
 Of keen perceptive faculties,
 In searching after truths is taught
 To feel that reason only sees
In narrowed limits like our own,

How little e'en the wise have known —
While Heaven a boundary doth make,
And flights beyond we dare not take.

Alas ! for ideas must assume

The correspondence bound to be

A type of frail mortality,

Though artist-genius seeks a doom
That seems controlled by higher laws,
Thus proving intellect the cause
In guarding germs that form the mind,
Budding in use to teach mankind
The Holy Father's truth revealed
Through mediums that nature sealed
For art, or any scheme sublime,
To shed a glory o'er the clime
Where wisdom, stars and beauties chime ;
And those who link eternity
With things of space will ever catch
A glimpse from strange futurity,
Whose faintly glimmering light doth flash
On senses piercing far above
This globe that holds in bondage here,
The spirit quivering oft to steer,
Athwart the sky to yonder home
Of joy celestial, there to roam.

Such are the meteors seen to fly

Across the vault that arched the world,

Whose blazing spheres oft daze the eye
To which the misty dome unfurled
A symbol picturing forth with care,
In prodigies that some deify,
Or halo all the dazzling fate
That leads to fame's immortal gate.
And still the mind that can outvie
In knowledge even the human race,
While frailties often might deface
The grander tone of every thought,
When even those who often sought
To be Heaven-influenced by thee,
As one who yields his inmost heart
To inspiration's power to see,
The everlasting laws of art,
Hath found in earth a master-piece
With forms and tints that never cease
In vast variety of shape.
Hence changing hues from hill to cape,
The model made by hands sublime
That will not lose through future time
The first impress creation chose,
As mountains out of seas arose,
Producing landscapes vast and wild,
Where glories ever brightly smiled
On men endowed to give again,
The charms that gild the distant plain.

Yet genius has a lowly place
To copy closely nature's gifts,
And find they only can retrace
The giant picture God uplifts ;
A panorama made to show
All rudiments for highest art
Of every kind the mind can know,
From architecture taught by trees,
Whose branches arch as window eaves,
In Gothic style or simpler shape,
That doth by beauty taste awake
To love of chaster purity.
And sculpture here we often see
In myriad forms throughout the world,
From chisel marks to tresses curled
On tender vines that cling and crawl
O'er turret old or ivy wall,
Relieving gloom by waving sheen,
Through myriad leaves of brilliant green.
These tendrils coil as ringlets fair
As any seen in marble rare,
Presenting youth with sunny locks
To win spectators on their way,
Who loiter near, or watching, stay,
Beholding sentiment in rocks —
The dimpled cheek and silvery note
That seems from infant lips to float.

They wait as though to hear the sound
Re-echo through the room around ;
But all is still save trampling feet
That break the solitude we meet.
In galleries where gems of art
Display the power in every part,
Of painter, sculptor, dreamer wild —
There on the canvass all is aisled,
Recording touches fine or bold,
That endless ages will unfold.

Then Painting, too, doth recreate
The outer world with wondrous skill
That's shown by those who imitate
Our vast creation made to fill

A mind all strongly taught to trace
The objects oft adorning space,
That shed their splendor forth with care,
Which Heaven's unbounded loves prepare
To lead the soul with deep delight,
By landscapes mirrored on the sight,

'Till animated fond desire

Shall move the hand that would produce
Again the scenes that can inspire

The touch to high artistic use,
As nature lives once more in art,
And copied worlds to view upstart
In pictures lithographed from earth.

There every region finds a birth,
However savage, grand or wild,
To lonely vales where summer smiled
And paths the Indian has trod,
Where beauties reign alone for God,
To mountains towering ever high,
That seem the wooers of the sky,
With emerald sides or rocks of gray,
Where bears and panthers wildly play,
Beneath the boulders darkly frown,
While foliage's neutral-tinted crown
The hills with rosy splendor down.

 All this is photographed by man,
 With truth to local hues and forms,
 And still is but a colored plan,
 That represents the ocean's storms,

Or views that stir the painter's heart,
Shown to develope power through art.
Amid the Alps a scene might lay,
Or any place where mind may stay,
Enchanted, lingering long with joy,
That brush or pencil would employ —
His hour devoted to portray
The vision, haunting night and day,
Charming his soul to Heaven away.
So, song of birds and insects heard,
Whose hum and stir, at evening time,

Into a sultry, arid clime,
Subtly resemble every word
That's given man, expressing thought,
Or feeling in his being wrought.
Hence animals afford a mode,
For speech in sounds that ever showed
Their inner spirits natural life,
Exhibiting tragedies of strife,
Through some impassioned acts or strain
Of foaming rage or writhing pain
That in a turbulent discord floats,
'Till others answer back the notes,
And hundreds join the choral strong,
Echoing through the woods along.
Such sounds are hints to artist-ears,
So mingled up with hopes or fears.
For composition oft is made,
From nature's language sternly grand.
'This was a basis music laid —
A basis in vast breadth arrayed —
To gather gems throughout the land
For all that forms a master-piece,
That God's own lyre thus might show
What harmonies from Heaven flow.
And studious men will only find
How little fills the human mind,
How scanty is the largest store

Of truth that opens wisdom's door,
While highest genius imitates
The works the Almighty One originates.

I.

O, the harp that is hung in the sky
Can extend to each world thus on high ;
Which in space has a starry abode,
To this home where the hearts in a chime
Are a drum with its beats to the chime
That the feet in their dances would give
While such revels extatic may live.

II.

Each breeze thus forevermore tells
Of a spirit that inwardly dwells,
Where the planets in mystery move
To the whispering voices that prove
That yon spheres in their midst have a soul,
E'en on heights where in unison roll
All the stars that creation bestows
To illumine this earth in her woes.

III.

For a speech from the thunder is heard,
Or from zephyrs each murmuring word
Is expressive of some thing within,

Which is breathed when a tune shall begin
From the music that nature unfolds,
Since our God is the fountain that holds ;
Hence the notes that reveal thus all life,
And but utter its eternal strife.

IV.

Then the globe is a circle we know
In which noises from bright Heaven flow
To display there the wonders of tone,
By the songs that enrich every zone :
For the sea will resound on the shore
With his murmurous ode as before,
While the forest and hills still renew
Thus an anthem they ever pursue.

Musicians often may acquire
The themes for works we can admire,
From voices heard o'er this vast ball,
That would arouse or strongly call
A mind from deep repose to hear
All tunes that fall upon the ear,
Which represent the scale sublime
To form the varied range thus found
Of notes that in the spheres abound.
This gamut great Jehovah made
As rudiments so wisely laid

For every masterpiece of art.
This first composer will impart
The rules for weaving any bar,
By lessons given from afar,
Through Him who gave the evening star
Or clad the morning brighter still
That Beauty might her goblet fill :
Thus harmony or time and tune,
Were caught as music's rarest boon,
To mould a language strong and fine,
So melody might be divine,
Conveying passion's holy fire,
By sentiments that could inspire
The power to breathe our deepest soul
In song the muses would control,
Flowing from men who seem to be
But instruments for minstrelsy.

Surely at first from tones were caught
An alphabet for nature's tongue
From hymns the land and sea have taught
Where endless mysteries are sung,
As notes united weave a strain
That echoed softly o'er the plain,
Or yielded chords that ever chime
Harmonious in mighty bass,
That through the universe we trace.
So sentences were formed for speech

By words combined the linguists teach,
And syllables but represent
 The sounds in music made to give
 Expression as in language found,
 That causes inmost thoughts to live,
 Or utter all that may abound
Within the souls by wisdom lent,
To cheer this globe through social law,
By systems oft that outward draw
The highest mental powers we see,
Endowing poor mortality,
So that divinity might find
A pleasure in the human kind.
So truth from God would always flow,
If men pervert not Heaven's good,
Though sin and lust that can inclose
The spirit wed to self on earth,
That never craves a sweet repose,
Then evil is the only food
To nourish falsities at their birth,
And hinder reason to perceive
The light descending here below,
Revealing tears may cease to flow,
While Terror breaks her mighty chain,
That through all darkness held her reign :
 For pain no longer need afflict,
 With manacles that bind and tear,

All whom the world will contradict
In precious aims of those most rare,
Who would in mind and act aspire
To gain the whole they can acquire,
Though often struggling for the way
That leads to yon celestial day,
When science, art, shall first impart
The facts that every Christian heart,
Which ages teach have long been known
By sages great in every zone ;
Or found a voice amid the dead,
Where spiritual truths were fled,
Which kindled only life that's true.
This God thus always will renew,
In choosing from the race a few,
Who preach religion from the spheres
Where He substantially uprears
A living picture to behold,
By types displayed that can enfold
That highest moral lessons taught,
All through the universe are wrought :
For sensuous men could only learn
From matter in its various forms,
What mysteries they can discern,
Amid the earth with all her storms,
And nature writes forevermore
A history as she did before.

The lights and shadows softly blend
From east to west and never end,
While oceans wrestle just the same
As when from Heaven's hand they came :
And subject planets move to law,
That endless time through ages saw.
So vast creation e'er shall teach,
By changes made to find a speech.
 Hence man with powers to imitate,
 Began to copy what he heard
 While in a happy natural state,
 And soon there echoed forth a word,
Developed first from grosser sound,
That filled the universe around.
Then ideas of construction taught
The ancients rules that plainly wrought
A tongue thus suited to convey
The changing thought of any mind :
And living animals inclined,
By cries and tones too oft display,
An utterance that seems to be
A language crudely formed to show
What vast desires were forced to flow
In lower objects blessed with life,
That gave in nature's endless strife,
A grand conception how to raise
The powers colloquial which may please,

Through eloquence that's sure to seize
Control o'er Passion's maddening blaze,
And from the outward world produce
All conversation fit for use.

Then earth's elysium early knew,
When wisdom into beauty grew,
For everything was pure and true,
Ere Courts and Judges held their sway,
Corrupting those who near them stay,
Where avarice, a monster strong,
Rapine creates and rape and wrong.
Then newborn souls had never fanned
The flame of evil in the land,
For God their only sovereign reigned.
Hence first progression ever ruled,
When men alone in truth were schooled.
Not an improvement is attained,
If low and sensual beings try
To found a monarchy for power,
Where sin or crime at random tower,
Like fortresses that charm the eye,
Though virtue perish evermore,
And discord rank on land and shore,
Claims a black future's sad control.
Then sorrows like a simoom roll,
Upon a people formed to keep

Our Father's image, meek yet bright,
That from the inmost sent out light.
 So arts that otherwise might grow,
 Diffusing greatness on a race,
 Thus scarcely have a life to throw,
 A grandeur forth when all embrace
Such sentiments as darken light,
And stifle truths that would invite
The soul to feast on knowledge rare,
Which kind creations so prepare,
For those who live in natural good,
And choose the law of God as food,
'To nourish daily every act,
By principles that will attract
The craving spirit's highest use,
While purest maxims will infuse
Their inmost souls with love divine,
Bestowing wisdom that will shine,
And aids the mind aright to climb,
And find an atmosphere sublime,
Where harmonies forever chime :
And virtues soothe the troubled breast,
That never knew before a rest,
While Heaven hath a record found,
Replete with innocences crowned ;
The being born anew like this,
Shall revel in its happiness.

Then science, art, and moral worth,
Can build an altar on the earth,
 Where all may worship Him who gave
 The elements for every tongue,
 In varied sounds, acute or grave,
 That form the light and shade among
All tones of language that bestow,
The charms of feeling oft that flow,
With words that shed a living glow,
And give a power strong to thought,
As though within the depths were wrought,
Where mind and passion will conspire,
To utter forth whate'er desire
Is kindled by the brain and heart
The gift to yield, and thus impart
The changes passing o'er the soul,
That find expression true and grand,
Through speech the God of nature planned
To mirror life amid the whole
Of choral spheres that march on high,
And make the wonder of the sky.
So doth man correspond to all
Upon this vast artistic ball,
 That Deity hath made beneath
 Yon angel's pure abode of love,
 Where eloquences ever wreath,
 All lips that breathe ideas above.

The song of birds, the tramp of beasts,
In symphonies are oft produced ;
E'en insects fluttering and confused,
From twilight's dance the soul they feast :
For sounds may imitate with skill,
The cries of animals that fill
Our distant hills or sunny plains,
To where the snow-clad mountain chains,
Create for Museus her fanes.
There echo melodies divine,
Where solitude and light entwine
In one embrace of loneliness :
Still Fauna-mutt'rings ever bless
The earth with a full happiness ;
And Flora, too, her censer swings
In forests wafting sweet perfume,
While flowers chant soft tunes and bloom :
The finny tribes in pebbly brooks.
Then sing to Naiads in their nooks.

You raise your bow, great God of Song,
To touch the sound of ages long,
And then your viol softly breaks
Forth pastoral splendor as it takes
A flight o'er nature's vast domain,
Where bower and beauty gladly reign,
And language of the world is heard.

The eloquence of Deity,
It speaks to thee in melody,
Where icicles hang from every tree,
As towers start to view and show
Majestic castles built of snow,
And men go prowling o'er the glass
Where ice for ages makes a mass ;
All clad in fur, like bears they seem,
While rainbow tints around them gleam,
And fairy chateaux glow with light,
That often daze the traveler's sight.
But all is still—the land of death !
It kills with its own frozen breath,
The warmest heart and truest breast,
Or grandest bird that builds its nest
Where cold upon its life can prey,
Beyond the home where reindeers stray.
No joyous sound is often heard,
Save when from stranger's lips a word
May there float o'er an icy plain,
And cause the thoughtful still more pain
Than a deep, holy solitude.
The blast of winter, strong and rude,
Can beat alone the icebergs high,
And breathe to heaven their lonely sigh,
Amid the storms in that far North.
No sounds from thrashing limbs go forth,

For ice will hold in tense embrace,
The boughs that we would gladly trace ;
Yes, dead seems every tree and man,
When glassy seas the eyes but span.

O, come where nature clothes in green
Through the whole year the forest grand !
There life in myriad forms is seen.
Amid swart Afric's desert land
The insects ever swarm and grow,
While rivers full of reptiles flow.
Unearthly sounds are heard from beasts,
Through all their joys or ravenous feasts :
Nocturnal orgies oft alarm
Naturalists though they feel no harm.
Here, in the home of sun and flower,
Can music show her greatest power,
The animals a chorus make,
Then some sweet voice a flight will take,
Expressing soft maternal love.
While war-like tones will upward float,
Creating harshness far above
The female's tender dulcet note,
As beauty will conspire with song,
And give the soul a power strong,
Like daughters of a fairy-land.
So nature's grandeur surely fan'd

The genius, mid a burning sun ;
For Egypt, Italy, Greece begun,
With all the greatness we have sung.
The bells of endless ages rung
 All dormant intellect awake,
 And bids us now aspire to be,
 As these vast truths we homeward take,—
 A sanctified humanity.
Great civilization, let it float,
Yes, on the flag staff of each boat !
Be thou stamped firm in every soul,
As ages through all changes roll !
 Tis art that leads to higher life,
Refines the mind in deepest strife,
And forms a germ but fit for Heaven.
This is a holy, glorious leaven,
Resembling piety that can give
The only laws by which to live ;
For beauty guides us on to truth,
And stately acts in age or youth.
The artists find in Heaven a clime,
Adapted to their state sublime,
For they are born with native worth,
Regenerated from their birth,
Not moulded of the common earth,
But qualified to be and shine
A vessel for the Lord Divine,

O'erflowing with a love most pure,
Such as in angels must endure :
For they delight in wisdom, too,
Like holy spirits that imbue
All knowledge flowing from the stream
That our Jehovah makes supreme ;
And in affection they appear,
As suns celestial blazing near.
A house for God they will uprear,
By setting aglow with light,
That radiance dispels the night
Of any dark, immoral age ;
For art has power to assuage
The false and teach some who may see
A language from divinity,
In works of beauty that impart
All ideas which uplift the heart,
To intellectual heights that find
The nearer sunshine to the sky,
To bask in mysteries that lie
Beyond the vulgar soul and eye ;
For men of genius here are sent
As messengers of love and peace,
So earth yet could herself release
From ignorance and doubt that chain
By superstition's ; oomy reign,
Full myriads of the human race

In errors that we hate to trace,
So that the natural laws are hid
When freedom is, alas ! forbid
To speech and thought or any view
That can give lessons which diffuse
All heavenly knowledge to renew
The fallen man and fit for use
A being lost to good before —
Destroying evil evermore.

But this can ne'er be understood
By those indulging ways unjust,
Because it will oppose their lust,
And show how vile they must appear
When truth in judgment will make clear
Their sensual state from which proceed
All doctrines false that bear a seed
To poison principles divine,
And render goodness ever mute.
This will the righteousness uproot,
That garlands earth and would entwine
A Paradise where peace should hold
His golden sceptre and be bold.
So upward genius soars to thee,
Thou wonderful eternity !
And finds not rest where men are bound
By dark corruption all around.

They bear Thine image, Lord ! on high :
Though men, they beam with mental fire,
Unmarked by any coarse desire,
And are conjoined before they die,
To angel life that will begin
With them in this sad world of sin :
For e'en chaste loves that are divine,
Shall in each feature brightly shine.
A common race delights to stain
The glory of a spirit pure,
But truth with power shall endure,
Although they know a martyr's pain ;
For men of intellect soon see,
Thus every inmost quality
That may adorn the minds they meet :
For heart though veiled will clearly beat
With good or evil that shall bear
Its marks upon the visage fair ;
And also acts can often show,
If truth's influxes inward flow.
'Tis from the will and love proceed,
Thus every clean or filthy deed.
The names that time hath on his page,
Through any clime or distant age,
From Jesus Christ to some poor sage
Who could a lesson still impart,
To change and beautify the heart,

Have been maligned and tortured, too,
In dungeons or in many ways,
That shortened oft the fleeting days,
Allowed to men who only knew
What joy can spring from those who live
A life of charity, and give
The bliss they feel and thoughts that flow,
To bear the soul from depths below,
Leading us on to Heaven's shore
Where truth is read for evermore.

The world despised and loved to hate
E'en DANTE, BACON, all the great :
But who is honored by the good ?
What yields to students daily food ?
And hence the monuments are seen,
Where poets, patriots often lean
In deepest reverie and keep
A silent watch o'er those who sleep.
'Tis godlike men who ever shine,
And shed a lustre to enshrine
The mind by wisdom made divine.
There's music ringing in the soul,
When Heaven's commandments hold control,
To teach the heart a simple way
That leads unto God's brighter day.
O, peace is written on the brow,

Like some pure maid's who made a vow
To live alone for truth in Thee,
Jehovah in Eternity !

I.

Chastity fair and bright,
O, sing with me to-night !
Thy voice is tender love,
And rings through spheres above.

II.

The moon's pale light is there
Upon thy golden hair,
And splendor decks thy face,
As softened light I trace.

III.

Then, angel, strike thy lyre !
Let evil's flame expire,
And by sweet music's sound
Scatter chaste thoughts around.

IV.

O, touch one heavenly note !
Thy harp's strange tones will float,
Expressing all you feel,
And must on mortals steal.

Let maidens blush and cry with shame,
To sell for gold or worldly fame,
The glory of a virtuous name :
Still worse to try by wedlock's seal,
To cover infamy and steal
All impress of divinity
In matrimony's holy law.
But such are oft the noblesse grand,
The rulers of our native land,
Who think that wealth will homage draw ;
And money lovers, craving power,
Will vend themselves for some small dower,
And say they've made a happy hit,
When such rich miser they can knit —
This, *this* they call morality !
It is but base insanity
To think that unions will endure,
From which spring forth the human race,
If founded not by motives pure.
The characters of *two* make ONE,
When heaven's marriage is begun ;
A sameness then will mark the pair,
That was in each, while separate —
To be like sounds that float in air
Has ever been the sex's fate,
For woman's *pianissimo*,
Thus softly moving through all time,

And men as *forte* in music grow
Th' image of strength in any clime,
While bass and tenor form a scale
Complete in order not to fail,
In being able to produce
The chords and melodies for use.
Some like to teach all doctrines wrong
That to the word of God belong,
So wicked passions might have sway
To mould a drama for the day,
When devils hold their jubilee,
Rejoicing over evil's reign.
They quench the torch that truth would burn,
While angels weep and sadly yearn
For love to smile or yet return,
With arms that can the world enfold
When all are dead and icy cold.
Let goodness heat us as a sun,
That warms the earth in summer time,
And cause a glow of higher worth
To show man's is celestial birth ;
So every act and thought may chime
In concord, making soul sublime.
And the bright face be as a star,
That with bright rays may touch afar
The spirits lost of any sphere,
Then bring the power of Heaven near,

Where human love is gross desire,
Creating there a sacred fire
To make the couch of marriage chaste,
So none by demon lust should haste
To form a viperous race for hell.
O, Venus, thy fair children tell
Of those who in the forest dwell,
And woo to find a simple heart
That only is of them a part.
When traits of character thus blend,
We're sure to find a happy end.
All know that certain tones agree
In making truest harmony,
So male and female shall portray
In ever mingled notes that play,
And form a perfect sweet accord —
The wedlock ordered by the Lord.
Whenever thus two hearts unite,
What splendor reigns in Heaven's sight !
They're like the columns of an arch,
As onward through this life they march :
They are one act that will diffuse
A lovely power that's never found
Where family discords shall abound.
Go ask the ancients, if you can,
When their first nuptial hours began,
While arbors a sweet Eden spread

Bright floral network over head,
And whispering winds glad poems wrought,
By thus true wedded children caught.
Before a teacher ever grew
Into the happy home they knew,
Our God was king while nature showed
The wisdom her great laws bestowed,
And woman was enshrined and dwelt
On man's high pinnacle of love,
Both hoping for a life above,
Then at truth's altar calmly knelt
 The early fathers who thus strove
 To join themselves in heart to thee,
 And never from thy wisdom rove,
 But worship only Deity.
What beauty fell from every word,
That through the wilderness was heard !
As songs of lovers could arise,
Perfumed by passion to the skies,
As operas spoke from all their eyes,
And soft emotion would invade,
Each face until some fiercer shade
Might set the visage all aglow,
With every feeling that we know,
To emanate from holy loves,
Yes, tender as the mournful dove's,
Were heard the songs of maidens fair,

That broke with sweetness in the air.
Diaphanous in beauty shone,
Each countenance with good alone.
No trace of sin on them was found,
For wisdom in such hearts abound.
I would not blacken now this page
By coming to the present age :
For only some God's light receive,
And others into darkness leave.

O, hope for a far brighter day !
O, nobly work and weep and pray !
The forest breathes its evening hymn,
As day forsakes the earth's gray rim,
And night takes up her greater power.
The moon ascends o'er hill and bower,
And woman's nerves are all awake,
To silvery sheen or notes that take
A flight from hill to lonely vale,
Oft touching ears that cannot fail
To vibrate all they feel again,
E'en though it often be in pain,
For one who never will return
The love with which her heart can burn :
But she alone will sit and pine,
And often watch a trembling vine,
Then stirred by evening's tender breeze ;

Or listen to the distant trees.
The soul will utter a deep song
That sounds with all her feelings strong.
Inspired by moon and midnight hour,
She'll chant amid a listening bower !

I.

Whispering wind, what wilt thou say
When my love is far away,
While I watch the stars at night,
In their lone and weary flight,
And the breeze o'er hill and vale,
Breathes to me a gladsome tale ?

II.

Will soft zephyrs touch my brow,
Often burdened with a vow,
Filling all my senses keen,
With past pleasure that I've seen,
When the lips I crave were near,
Lisping music in my ear ?

III.

Bring, on morning's pinions free,
Visions of the one I'd see,
In kind messages to tell
Where thy faithful heart may dwell
Soon dark even clothes with gray,
For awhile earth's cheerless way.

rv.

Still the winds their harps will sound,
Though the world seems locked around,
Like some prison of despair :
Yet a voice from thee is there,
Singing ever at my side,
For I am thy spirit bride.

The peasant is inspired with song,
By scenery that may please his mind,
And oft to language will belong,
New words where different views we find.
The mountaineers their phrases found,
And even in valleys men abound,
Who add still more to their own tongue.
Why then should not sweet songs be sung,
And years on with their cycles roll,
Oft chiming in a saddening toll,
Or merry peals that lift the soul
To where our God with glory lights
The future dim or adds to time
A sunny, sweet and rose-wreathed clime.
Then Heaven comes with blessings bright,
Where'er religion holds her reign,
There art will feel her brilliant power,
Destroying oft her holy fame
On building up for God a tower.

The Catholic Church with masses grand,
Upholds the drama in our land ;
From sacred plays the lyric stage
Hath formed its beauty for each age ;
The painter, poet, actor, lend
Their equal powers that attend,
The opera made to charm the mind
And mould a work that none can find
Surpassed within the world of art,
That charms the brain and steals the heart.

Old Ireland's songs the world would span
With friendship's very warmest glow :
And with her poets first began

This flame and power of God to know ;
And Scotia, where young BURNS was bred,
With ballads hath the nations fed.
Her simple strains the heart can reach,
And all her feelings ever teach.
Great England, too, hath joined the train
Of nations causing art to reign.
She honors science, and behold
What glory proudly she'll unfold,
To sons of genius and high worth,
However humble was their birth.
Westminster Abbey marks a place,
Where to the dead respect we trace.
There heroes, poets, all the grand,

Have one spot holy in the land.
America, in time will rise
With commerce, and uplift her eyes
To higher spheres than earth beneath,
And seek a crown that yet will wreath
Her beauteous face but iron brow,
That too much worships mammon now.
Great God ! her poets sing alone,
And in their wretchedness may moan,
While young musicians can not find
The even tenor of their mind.
Republics are the death of art :
They search and wither up the heart
Of artists who aspire to be
An honor to a country free.
Go to the home where MOZART'S birth
Added a link to art on earth,
For Germany with operas grand
Sees Italy a sister-land.
She has long fostered with warm care,
A genius strong and bright and rare ;
The peasant and the noble proud,
Around the glorious music crowd.
The love of harmony has a power
Over this land of sun, vine, flower.
Here science with rose-diademed art,
Now reigns as king in every mart ;

Her towering masters all adore,
None have surpassed on any shore ;
And MUSEUS will still inspire
This country's sons with her own fire.
O, Italy, thou'rt glory crowned !
Here, art a sacred place has found,
To build her temple granite-bound,
"And since old Greece, there ne'er can be
Another land to charm like thee !"
The artists shout harmoniously,
And never from her sky would roam,
For there they find their natural home.
She is the Mecca sought by all,
Who at art's altar proudly fall
To pay an homage of the soul.
Thy greatness hoary time will toll,
As onward through old space we roll.
The world seems aged, dim and gray :
An artist scarcely sees his way —
Then to his score he madly flies,
And adds to music till he dies.
His bow has fallen to the ground :
Who then will thrill the notes around ?
The fire that lit his soul has fled ;
Alas ! a master great is dead.
O, death will grin with "two cross bones,"
To finish up the inspired tones.

O, God, ope wide thy spheres of might,
And let him catch of Heaven a sight !
 He'll join the grand orchestra made
 Of sons from every tribe and land,
 Who have a strong and plastic hand,
 And sounds, like beauty, ne'er shall fade
In you, eternity of bliss.
O, list, seraphic happiness
Will break upon his spiritual ears,
For real Heaven first appears.
Hear BEETHOVEN most sublime !
From dear Italia's sunnier clime,
Thousands shall also join the choir,
While great ROSSINI sweeps the lyre.

MENDELSSOHN* with lovely mien,
On the arm of BACH will lean,
And his face will glow divine —
For all good must through it shine.

MOZART, sunlike, must appear,
For he brought new ages near,
Caught young wisdom from the sky,
Rearing works that never die.

* MENDELSSOHN most nobly gave concerts to raise funds for a monument to his glorious brother in music, BACH.

CHOPIN, touch a viol holy,
For you sing of heaven solely !
Shout her joys and social feeling,
That through all her courts are stealing !

HANDEL prays for yonder nation,
In his anthem of Creation ;
HAYDN joins him thus delighted,
Far from stars and earth benighted !

Hark ! the gloria is sounding !
Every soul with love is bounding !
And the laurel-crowned of glory
Chant on high a new-found story !

“Hallelujah !” great hosts thunder :
God and spheres are still a wonder :
Central space heaves with emotion,
Like the roll of a mid ocean —
All is music and devotion !

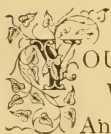




P O E M S .



You tell me to Forget the Hour.



YOU tell me to forget the hour
When all my dreams were bright and true,
And say that darkness soon may lower
On every pleasure that I knew ;
For youth and ardor must depart
When shadows fall upon our way,
And sorrow chills the warmest heart
If withered ere it should decay.

That memory, too, alas ! will tell
Its tale whate'er my fate may be,
And often breathe a saddening spell,
Ere it will give a joy to me,

As woe will always haunt the soul
O'er which it once has held control,
To cloud the thoughts that feign would rise
In sunlight splendor to the skies.

What though eternal misery flow
Into the bliss of life we know,
Or drear affliction cast a gloom
On hopes that strive and strive to bloom.
If only highest truth is found
In wisdom linking earth around,
To Heaven's own supernal shore
Then peace is found though lost before.



A Serenade.

Hear thou who chanteth,
Where fairy haunteth
In richest bowers
Entwined with flowers !

So, ope' thy portal,
Sweet, queenly mortal,
While beauty's flowing
With moonlight glowing.

Thy smiles can soften
My wild thoughts often !
Through this sad ditty,
Mad passion pity !

O, why stay longer ?
This heart beats stronger,
For life's most fleeting
When lips are meeting.



The House of the Good Shepherd.

Charity's temple, let it stand,
A glory to our native land :
There is a home for every race,
When persons shall this life deface.

If hideous crimes close out all day,
Then in this refuge such may stay :
The Cross with hope shall Heaven the breast
So wrapt, at last, by holy rest.

The Sisters show a friendship true,
That out of goodness only grew,
And blush not, soothing thus the brow
Of any victim suffering now.

Here in the pesthouse we shall see
The power of Christianity,
That holds the Nun a willing slave,
Though vile diseases toss and rave.

The sinner thus she may reclaim,
Not caring for mere earthly fame :
With pleasure laboring she elate,
New uses makes for mortal state.

Many their consciences must feel,
As for the Sacrament they kneel.
There's prayer from lips no more profane —
God and his Heaven yet shall reign.

Lo ! incense now around them floats :
Hark ! music breathes her holiest notes ;
The Priest with sacred words is near —
Thus all can worship without fear.

Jehovah's stronghold let it last,
While sunlight on the world is cast,
So here the sinful soul can find
Treatment that is by angels shrined.



The Heroes Have Gone to the Field.

The heroes have gone to the field,
Regardless of buckler and shield,
Adorned with the badge of the true,
That's shining—the Red, White and Blue
For Liberty's crest,

They falter not now as they move,
For courageous they ever shall prove :
Then firmly they stride mid the dead,
And halt not though warm blood is shed
From their country's sons.

But they will return with wreaths won,
And captives ere battles are done.
What though they fight or they pray,
If victory crowns the great day,
And Peace lights the land !

Still Know I'm Devoted.

O, love, when we part, if stern anger is shading
 The brow as dark clouds that would cover the sea,
When sunlight's soft rays from fair nature is fading,
 And earth seems forsaken by beauty and thee,

I'll breathe then my grief with all hope ever broken,
 To learn we must sever, woe's flame in my heart ;
Though nothing but kindness by thee had been spoken,
 Still, still is this parting fierce agony's dart.

Yet sigh not in solitude's gloom with mad weeping,
 And think ne'er of time that with pleasure has fled,
But gladly remember the one who is weeping
 Thy image in memory till he is dead.

When years on each face their deep lines have written,
 And youth with its charms has deserted thy form.
Ah, know I'm devoted though life is all smitten,
 By deepest misfortune in wrong's raging storm.

God's Mercy.

O, God, and shall it even be,
That they who wander far from Thee
In ways of sin and mantling woe,
Shall never to yon Heaven go ?

What, though the hungry wretches sure
The tempter long can not endure,
And through distress to wrong may yield,
Wilt Thou no more be their great shield ?

Wilt Thou not love and pity show,
If tears of penitence shall flow,
Or shed a light to guide the way
By truth that leads us on to-day ?

Yes, mercy, vast as all the space
Where star or moon hath found a place,
Must hold the vilest sinner dear,
The humblest being ever cheer !



The Musician's Dream.

At eve, when yonder silver moon
Inspired my soul with love's own tune,
I sat and reveled in each dream,
That on my fancy seemed to gleam.

I saw the deepest shades that fell
In every path or darkest dell,
Till massive forests dark and bold,
Oft did my mind in reverie hold.

All tender beauty of the night
Imagination robed in light,
While nature's soft hymns soothed to rest
This ever restless, weary breast.

Then visions o'er my spirit came,
With endless charms of youth and fame,
While one fair form appeared to be
Perfection of humanity.

Her brow was beauteous as a star,
That in mild radiance shone afar,
And her rapt eyes did warmly glow
With mad delight on mine below.

And infants all my own did bless
This bright conjugal happiness,
For I had found the being sought,
That reason often strangely wrought.

Methought these joys could not be real,
For sin on man has stamped his seal :
As morning's ray illumed my bed,
I found this ideal, too, had fled.

O, those who live in beauty's sphere,
Oft hear the tread of angels near,
For they have visitings of thought
That seem by Heavenly beings wrought !



That word Farewell.

Not e'en the billow's saddest moan
Can give to life so wild a tone,
Or pierce the soul with deeper pain
Than when it fell upon my brain —

That word — *Farewell !*

The golden light as on that day,
Though years may bear my life away,
Will quicken with creative power
The feeling of a parting hour,

And make me woe.

For oft the very air and sky
Will seem to echo back a sigh,
And nature wear a graver hue
As memory pictures still anew

The moment past.

But never in the world of time
Can I forget that voice of thine,
Which uttered forth the sacred sound
Filling my heart and space around —

It was — *Farewell !*

Soldiers' Drinking Song.

O, wit and passion always glow,
When strongest wines in goblets flow ;
 Then fill the glass
 And let it pass,
Or these warm hearts might chill and find
No charm electric for the mind.
So drink, and make the pulses keep
Sweet tune with music ere we sleep :
 Still take the cup,
 'Till time is up.
O, joy's elixir lights the souls
Of those who quaff the red wreathed bowls !
“One bumper yet !” we thus all shout —
It is for woman ! none can doubt
 The love we bear
 For maidens fair,
Winning the laurels from their praise,
Or glorious dying while they gaze.
Now to the bottom drink each flask !
All in the patriot's pleasures bask,
 While mounting fires
 Flash brave desires
To crush the foemen who would tread
Our banners floating o'er our dead !

An Offering to Genius.

A soul held sacred to his use,
Fair MUSEUS would fain induce
Me here to touch a page once pure,
So ardent friendship might endure,
By thus inscribing on her shrine
A simple song which may entwine
The heart with memories that live
To bind us oft to days that give,
But shadows of the joys that shed
A haloed light from moments fled.
One who is eloquent in sound
Doth in the universe abound,
And lists to mutterings that flow;
Expressing language made to flow
With all that deity would tell.
I joy to sing for those who dwell
On inspiration's mount and see
Perfected art in minstrelsy :
So, young composer quickly turn
From words that with less power burn
Than notes that from thy viol float,
Or those thy pen so ably wrote,
And in your mind but sigh, or crave
The hours that now have found a grave !

JULY 30TH, 1869.

My Ideal.

When thy life to woe is wed,
And thy friends grow cold and dead,
Child of Song !
I am with thee in thy wrong.

When the storms have tossed thee high,
And the sea-birds round thee fly,
Child of Genius !
I am nigh.

When the feast of pleasure spreads,
And thy heart is bounding high,
Child of Pleasure !
I am nigh.

When thy soul for love is mad,
And thy songs are wild and sad,
Learn to know
I am with thee in thy woe !



A Maiden's Memories.

The joys of my life have departed,
The morning hath dwindled to noon,
And now I am left broken-hearted,
Like roses that wither in June.

The glorious transport I tasted,
With beauty that wooed me to stay,
Like dreams of the past have been wasted,
Or fled as the brightness of day.

O, why is this soul now benighted !
Or tossed on some dark, stormy wave ?
For Hope's is the torch that is lighted,
Although the great billows may rave.

O, where is the one that divided
The pleasure and torment that came ?
Where the barque of the hero that glided,
Upon the bright bosom of Fame ?

The wish of his life has been granted,
And all that his nature hath sought,
Nor yet by some shadow is haunted,
Of darkness through which he has fought.

As friends that to me seem devoted,
Are all now by their jealousy fled,
So he upon whom I have doated,
Still stranger, by passion is led.

I sigh for the one who enchanted
My soul with the lovely and true,
For the spirit that angels enchanted,
In rapport with only the few.

With songs and with thoughts she delighted,
My being to rapture and truth,
Before my misfortunes had blighted,
Or shadows had clouded my youth.

Alas ! the dear name that I treasured,
Emblazoned on marble is seen,
As there by the cypress is measured
A place for the mourner to lean.

Away, as the vision has vanished,
That once to this spirit was dear,
Let all of my phantoms be banished,
And give to the past but a tear.



My Love and the Moon.

O, beautiful Moon so symbolic of peace,
My soul from its sorrow wilt thou release?
Is there no boon for a child of this earth,
Who is o'ershadowed and free from all mirth?

By thy soft, silver radiance what shall I learn?
Will they speak of a mountain where fond hearts may burn
With health and with love from the morning till night,
And where they can revel in every delight?

Now bring here my own love and let me yet see
Brilliant, sweet summer bowers in soft melody,
That floats through the woodland and ripples the lake :
I would then wander on and his hand gently take.

Yes, dearest, remember the lone little nook,
Where lilies and violets near us were shook,
And breezes played tricks with your full sunny hair
As I gazed at you musing so tenderly there.

O, darling, know what a bright pleasure is this,
True love thus so felt with such soul-thrilling bliss,
While thoughts blending ever flow on in one stream
As two rivers unite in a rainbow-curled dream.

O, the world is reborn in pearled beauty and joy,
And an Eden is found that no fiend dare annoy :
'There is extasy wrapping the heart and the brain,
Over all only Heaven's own blest marriage-reign.

This earth's but a cloud-spot to each other globe,
For she still is enclosed in the old sin-wove robe,
Bearing evermore traces of crime and of death,
While pestilence tortures and slays in her breath.

Then call us to thee, O, thou glorious Moon ;
Where our God's law and order make sweet, perfect tune :
Thy full tender light is an index to show,
The Paradise-life that thy people must know.



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